



Whiskey, Creator and King of Human Misery, Watches The Procession of His Victims March Slowly to Destruction.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

He Wanted a Photograph to Remind Him of His Looks.

Having an engagement at his office at an unusually early hour, Allen was hurrying in that direction when he was amazed to see his friend Walters standing in the doorway of a cheap photographic studio nervously rattling the handle of the locked door and tapping impatiently on the glass panel. Walters was in a condition that comes under the heading of "unit for publication."

"What on earth are you doing here?" asked Allen in surprise. "Want to get my picture taken," said Walters gravely. "Picture taken? This hour? And in your condition—that is to say, without fixing up a bit? Don't be silly, man. Go home and get a little rest."

Allen tried to draw Walters in the direction of a drug store. Walters wrenched himself free. "I know what I'm doing," he declared. "I want my picture taken—the big picture I can get too. And I propose to get it before I leave here."

And, turning, he pounded again at the photographer's door. Although Allen was in a hurry, he felt that he ought to stay by his friend, who seemed to be utterly irresponsible. He coaxed, begged and pleaded, but at all the satisfaction he got was the statement, "I know what I'm doing."

Finally, as Allen showed no disposition to let him alone, Walters braced himself against the door and said:

"I was drunk last night, hopelessly and foolishly drunk, and I look and feel it. I'm all muddled up, got a head like a barrel and a throat like a furnace. I'm dirty, disreputable and dizzy and feel like the back yard of an east side tenement house."

"This is the second time I've been drunk in ten years. The first time it happened I was with some friends, and in the course of the end of our spree we invaded a photograph gallery and had our pictures taken just as we were. That picture was the best temperance lecture I ever had. I kept it framed in my room. In the morning as I went out it warned me not to drink during the day. At night it showed me plainly what I had avoided by not drinking."

"There was a fire in the apartment next to me a few weeks ago, and the firemen burst into my place. They upset things generally and smashed my picture all to bits in hacking down the mantelpiece to get at the blaze. I lost my guardian angel, so to speak, but felt reasonably sure of myself. Last night I met some congenial friends, and—well, I'm going to get another picture taken if I wait here all day." And Walters kicked savagely at the door, which this time was opened by a sleepy looking man, who ushered him into the studio, while Allen hurried away.—New York Press.

Unnecessary Hurry.

You have promised, let us say, to call for a friend at his office, so as to go down into the country together. He is a stockbroker, merchant, what you will. His place of business being ten minutes' walk from the station, you call after business hours, about a quarter of an hour before the train starts. You find him cheerfully doing nothing unless a cigarette counts for work. He absolutely declines to start yet. It is too absurdly early. After five minutes you suggest departure. By no means will he move. It never takes him more than seven minutes at the utmost. Knowing his walking capacities, you doubt, but acquiesce. At last you are off, and halfway to the train he says: "By Jove, old man, we must hurry up. My watch is slow." So you run—ignominiously you run. If luck befriended you, you just catch the moving train, and as you sink perspiring and breathless into your seat he says: "You see, we were in plenty of time. Never

missed a train in my life." Plenty of time, indeed! And all this hurry for nothing. If he had been doing anything—had a letter to write or the like—those wasted eight minutes, you could forgive him, but he hadn't, or at all events he didn't. You mop your brow and, though he is your very good friend, remember with complacency that this "just" catching trains leads to many corner's inquests.—London Saturday Review.

A Spider's Web.

It is hard to realize how small a spider's web really is. A famous microscopist once made some interesting comparisons of a cobweb with human hair.

"I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full grown spiders with a hair of my beard," he says. "I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and, from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than 100 of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one such hair. If, then, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form it follows that 10,000 threads spun by the full grown spider, when taken together, will not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair. To this, if we add that 400 young spiders at the time when they begin to spin their webs are not larger than one full grown one and that each of these minute spiders possesses the same organs as the larger ones, it follows that the exceedingly small threads spun by these little creatures must be still 400 times slender and consequently that 4,000,000 of these minute spiders' threads cannot equal in substance the size of a single hair."

INSIDE THE EARTH.

Professor Milne, the great British seismologist, has demonstrated that at least part of the weather and changes in the atmosphere's temperature seems to come from below instead of directly from the sun. He has been in the habit of leaving an ingenious photographic arrangement in quarries at night. The photographic paper when examined later was found to be marked from time to time by dark bands, black spots and what are called singings. Some of these markings occurred at the time of earthquakes, but by no means all. Scientists say that most minerals become luminous at frequent intervals. The cliffs of Dover have been seen suddenly to gleam and hilltops become visible in the darkness. The conclusion is that the disturbing forces which go on even at the very center of the earth are converted before they reach the surface into heat and light and make all manner of difference in climate and weather.

Burns, the Detective.

Lincoln Steffens in the American Magazine says: "Secretary Hitchcock wanted a detective. Chief Wilkie was called in. He offered to lend the interior department 'the star of the secret service,' William J. Burns. Burns is a detective. He is a detective of the old school, the kind you read about in books. He uses his head. Burns also makes thieves help him, but the thieves he uses are those that did the job. He 'gets them right,' makes them 'come through,' as he calls confessing, and his genius appears in the way in which he finds out who the thieves are. Burns' suspicion is almost universal. The president once complained that Burns thought everybody was a thief until his innocence was proved, and Burns answered, with surprise, 'Well, they are—here in Washington.'"

PLENTY OF CHALK.

A Block That Was Once as Large as the Continent of Europe.

The small piece of chalk which is in constant use in the schoolroom, the lecture room, the billiard room and the workshop has a strange history, the unraveling of which through all its complexities is one of the most difficult problems with which the science of the present day is called upon to deal. This piece is in reality a chip of an immense block of chalk that once filled an area the size of the continent of Europe and of which even yet several gigantic fragments remain, each hundreds of square miles in extent. These patches are scattered over the region lying between Ireland on the west and China on the east and extend in the other direction from Sweden in the north to Portugal in the south.

In the British isles the chalk is found in greatest perfection and continuity in the east and southeast of England. A sheet of chalk more than a thousand feet in thickness underlies all that portion of England which is situated to the southeast of a line crossing the island diagonally from the North sea at Flamborough head to the coast on the English channel in Dorset. This enormous sheet of chalk is tilted up slightly on the west, and its depressed eastern portions that dip toward the waters of the North sea are usually buried from sight by means of overlying sands and clays. Where the edges of the chalk floor come upon the sea the cliff scenery is strikingly grand and beautiful. Any one who has once seen the magnificent rocks of Flamborough and Beachy head, the jagged stacks of the Needles or the dizzy mass of Shakespeare's cliff, near Dover, can understand why "the white cliffs of Albion" has grown into a stock phrase. This massive sheet of chalk appears again in France, in many parts of Europe as far east as the Crimea and even in central Asia beyond the sea of Aral. How far it stretched westward into what is now the Atlantic may never be known, but chalk cliffs of at least 200 feet in thickness are seen at Antrim, in Ireland, and less conspicuous formations are found in Scotland, in Argyll and Aberdeen. There can be little question that all these now isolated patches were once connected in a continuous sheet, which must therefore have occupied a superficial area about 3,000 miles long by nearly 1,000 broad, an extent larger than that of the present continent of Europe.

Sitting Bull and the Telephone. Sitting Bull had been captured by the United States troops and was held in close confinement. So also was another obstreperous Indian held in confinement at a post about 100 miles away. The officer in charge of Sitting Bull had been chasing the Indians for two months and was wondering what he would do with the captive. In an inspired moment he decided to arrange an interview between the two Indians over the telephone. After the necessary ringing up Sitting Bull was asked if he cared to talk into the machine. He talked into it for several minutes and did a heap of listening also. He put down the instrument snallly and for hours was even more gloomy than usual, at last beginning to talk to himself, something very

rare for the Indian. Asked if he was dissatisfied with his accommodations or if there was anything they could do for him, he broke forth at last: "No, I'm finished. It's all right when the white man's plaything talks the white man's language, but when it learns to talk the red man's tongue it's time to stop." It is believed that this talk over the telephone between the two Indians had a considerable influence in shortening the Indian wars.—Boston Herald.

When Umbrellas Were First Used. Umbrellas are of great antiquity. Among the Greeks they were a mark of elevated rank, and one is seen on a Hamilton vase in the hands of a princess. We find the umbrella figured upon the ruins of Persepolis, and the Romans carried it at the theater to keep off the sun. Yet Coryate, the traveler, in 1611 notices the umbrellas of Italy as rarities. These and other umbrellas are only described for keeping off the sun, which may be explained by the comparative scarcity of rain in the above countries. The frequency of rain in other lands led to their being used for a very different purpose. Jonas Hanway is described to have been the first to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head, which he had probably used in his travels in the east. And in 1778 one John Macdonald, a footman, was ridiculed for carrying in the streets an umbrella which he had brought from Spain. However, as he tells us, he persisted for three months in carrying his umbrella, till people took no further notice of the novelty.

Dogs and Fleas. I have tried all sorts of soaps and solutions for killing fleas on dogs, with the result that the dogs die first. Now, fleas are as much a part of a dog as ticks are of a cow. But, of course, there must not be too many fleas on the family pet—just enough to keep it well tickled and to prevent it from becoming too phlegmatic. There seems to be one cure, and it comes from the land of fleas—India. The Hindus use a crude oil emulsion, which consists of 80 per cent of crude petroleum mixed with 20 per cent of whale oil soap. This combination forms a jelly which mixes freely with water. A 3 per cent solution is used. At 10 per cent it kills fleas with perfect certainty. Any animal washed with it will be relieved of the insects. It can be applied to walls, ceilings and floors by means of a garden sprayer.—New York Press.

Plants That Poison One Another. It is a matter of common observation that grass does not grow so well close to trees as in the open. The same is true of grains. Experiments in England and in this country have shown that the deleterious effects of the near neighborhood of grass and trees are mutual. The tree suffers as well as the grass and grain. This is especially true of fruit trees. The cause is ascribed to the excretions by the trees, on the one hand, of substances poisonous to the grass and by the grass; on the other hand, of substances poisonous to the trees. It thus appears that the failure of grass to grow well near trees should not be ascribed to too much shade her to the exhaustion by the tree roots of the food supply needed by the grass.—Exchange.

HAPPY MONTHS.

An Odd Custom Observed in England at Christmas Time.

"Happy months" is the name applied to the little mince pies made at Christmas time throughout England and served to any guests who may call at the house during the holidays.

The saying is that for every one of these tiny pies one eats a happy month will come during the year, only the pies must be given to the one who eats them.

When one calls at the house the little pies are brought forth with a glass of wine or a cup of tea, and, however well satisfied one may already be as regards one's appetite or how many of these "happy month" pies he has already eaten, it is considered a marked breach of etiquette to refuse the little pie, although one is allowed to take it home and eat it later. This, however, is not very often done, for who would refuse the coming of a happy month by refusing to overtax the stomach for just one more little pie?

In some parts of England these little pies are literally made by the dozen, so there will be plenty of them for family and friends. They are made of the richest of puff paste, too, which, at the best of times, is an indigestible goody, and the crust is filled with a mince meat filling that is even richer than the crust.—Suburban Life.

CEYLON ELEPHANTS.

The Only Species in Which the Males Have No Tails.

What a sight for a Ceylon elephant hunter would be the first view of a herd of African elephants—all tuskers! It is a singular thing that Ceylon is the only part of the world where the male elephants have no tusks. They have miserable little grubbers projecting two or three inches from the upper jaw and inclining downward. Nothing produces either ivory or horn in fine specimens throughout Ceylon. Although some of the buffaloes have tolerably fine heads, they will not bear a comparison with those of other countries. The horns of the native cattle are not above four inches in length.

The elk and the spotted deer's antlers are small compared with deer of their size in India. This is the more singular as it is evident from the geological formation that at some remote period Ceylon was not an island, but formed a portion of the mainland. It is thought that there must be elements wanting in the Ceylon pasturage for the formation of ivory.—Ceylon Manual.

A Higher Health Level.

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you a trial, money will be refunded at G. Griffin's drug store. 25c.

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In addition to the Clock I have two other lovely presents which I will give you—two more handsome ornaments which anyone who loves a pretty home will be delighted with. One of these gifts I will send to you FREE AND UNPAID as soon as I receive the postal card with your name on it. The other one I will give to you just for being prompt in following my instructions. I will tell you all about the second extra gift, when I send the first one, which I will do as soon as I hear from you, so HURRY UP.

YOU TAKE NO CHANCES in writing to me, because, if the Clock does not prove to be even better than I have described it, and if it does not delight you in every way, you may send it back and I will pay you handsomely in cash for your trouble. Also, if you get sick or for any other reason fail to collect all of the \$5, I will pay you well for what you do. So you see, YOU CAN'T LOSE, so sit right down and write to me as follows: "D. R. OSBORNE, Manager, Nashville, Tenn. Please send me the portraits of George Washington and complete outfit for earning the Glorious Golden Clock, with the understanding that this does not bind me to pay you one cent." Then put your name and address.



TWO EXTRA GIFTS Go with this Clock

Irregularity is bad in every department of life, in meals, in sleeping hours, but especially when it is a question of womanly habit. Not only is it a sign of female disease, but, unless cured, it will cause dangerous troubles, because of the poisons thus allowed to remain in the system. If you suffer in this way, get a bottle of

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A Bad Sign